

# THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.

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whatever position it is planted, the grand stand thrives, and yields many shekels to its proprietor. If the weather is as favorable as it was yesterday. On a sunny day a grand, with its sea of upturned faces and bobbing hats, is a thing of beauty and a joy for every beholder; but on a rainy day, like the 4th of March, it is a wet, desolate and sloppy waste.

These monster stands and monster processions that keep the ticket-holders in place nearly all day have created a new field for the fakir, or huckster. Men went into the stands wherever they could get through the police lines yesterday, and sold everything, from a Centennial programme to a glass of water. Sandwiches, lemonade and fruit were rapidly disposed of by crowds, who were willing to pay 5 cents for even a glass of water. It is a pleasing commentary on American character that, with all the crowding and massing of large numbers of people in these hasty structures yesterday, few accidents and no fights resulted.

## WASHINGTON'S VOW.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The sword was sheathed: In April's sun

Lay green the fields by Freedom won;

And severed sections, wary of debates,

Joined hands at last, and were United States.

How proud the day that dawned on thee,

When the new era, long desired, began,

And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salutes spoke:

The resolute tower's vibrant stroke,

The solemn streets, the placid echoing halls,

And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from

St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part

The strong throbs of a nation's heart.

As the great leader gave, with reverent awe,

His pledge to Union, Liberty and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,

That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;

In world-wide wonder listening people bent

Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold

And hopes deceived all history told.

Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past,

Was the long dream of ages true at last?

"Thank God!" the people's voice was just,

The one man equal to his trust.

Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good!

Calm in the strength of flawless resolve!

His rule of justice, order, peace,

Made possible the nation's release.

Freedom that turns the world's long battle,

And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just.

That Freedom generous is, but strong

In hate of fraud and selfish wrong.

Freedom that turns the world's long battle,

And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just.

Land of his love! with one glad voice

Let the great sisterhood rejoice!

A century's sun o'er these have risen and set,

And still, as of old, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be

Shall prove his hope was destiny.

Leaving our flag with all its added stars

Unrent by faction and unstained by wars!

Let us, with patient toil, be true

And train the new set-plant at first.

The widening branches of a stately tree

Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,

Sitting with patient toil, be true

And train the new set-plant at first.

Where we no longer, through each nightingale,

The winds of heaven wailing the praise of him.

Our first and best—his ashes lie

Beneath his own Virginian sky.

Forgive, O God, O true and just and brave,

The stern that ever above thy sacred grave!

For, ever in the awful strife

And dark hours of the Nation's life,

Through the fierce tumult, pierced his warning

voice.

Their fathers' voices his erring children heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought

In that sharp agony was wrought:

No partial interest draws its alien line

Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine;

One people now, all doubt beyond,

His name shall be our Union bond.

We lift our hands to heaven, and here and now,

Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust needs must be ours:

One people now, all doubt beyond,

His name shall be our Union bond.

We lift our hands to heaven, and here and now,

Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

In addition to this, there will be a collection from the street boxes at 6 o'clock each Sunday evening, and mail matter deposited in any of the street boxes before that hour will be collected and forwarded at the same time as the mail deposited at the office. It is proposed to have three carriers make the collection from the boxes and three carriers will be on duty every other Sunday for this purpose.

## WHAT IS LIFE?

The Vital Question Discussed from Various Standpoints.

One day, when the feathered songsters in the woods were tired of singing, there was a long pause. All was quiet and nature itself seemed lost in meditation.

Suddenly the philosophical bullfinch piped, "What is life?" to which a little songster among the leaves replied, "Life is a song."

"No, a battle in the dark," said the ground mole, who just poked his head out of the ground in the vicinity of the tree among whose branches the little bird was hopping around.

"To my mind it is an unfolding," declared the rosebud, which was just ready to unfold its beautiful leaves, to the great delight of a magnificent butterfly, which did not hesitate to kiss the pretty flower, with these words: "Life is full of idle joy and pleasure."

"Say, rather, a short summer day," hummed a jealous one day fly buzzing past.

"I mean that life changes ever with work and pleasure," mentioned the bee, and it disappeared in the leaves of the rosebud to gather honey.

"I do not see that it is anything else than idle worry," complained the little ant, dragging a blade of straw, which in comparison to itself was unreasonably long.

"Yes, you are right," a little rabbit nodded from the hazel bush; "life, as sure as I live, is a hard nut to crack."

"At this moment a soft rain murmured, "Life consists of tears, all tears."

"Life is ever changing consciousness," said the thunder cloud dotting toward the ocean. The ocean waves broke against the shore and sighed, "Life is a steady battle for freedom."

"You are mistaken, it is freedom," jubilantly said the eagle, sailing through the air with his powerful wings.

"Ah, it is poor earth," moaned the weed, working its way out of moor and stone.

"High echos bowed to each other to the earth saying: 'Life is striving ever upwards.' And a ripple sounded through the tops of the trees until the pasture cried exultantly: 'Life is rather given up to higher power!'

Night had broken in and the solemn deep prelate advised: 'Let us rest my friends. As there was no satisfactory answer given we will resume our debate to-morrow.'

"All I care you may do that," breathed the night. "But life is only a dream."

The still night ruled over the city and country and soon morning would draw near. The student, who was sitting in his out-of-the-way garret, for more than a year, blew out his little lamp and murmured: "Life is only a school."

Footsteps were heard on the deserted streets. A tired citizen was going home to rest after spending the night in going from pleasure to pleasure, in spite of which he complained: "Life is an unsatisfied longing and steady disappointment."

"It is a riddle," stammered the new born morning.

Suddenly a glimmering light rose upon the horizon. Higher and higher climbed the magic light over the tops of the woods. The red morning light greeted the earth and like a mighty chord it sounded through the universe: "Life is only a beginning—From the German."

Made Rich by Molasses Colored.

Maria Bivins, a well known colored woman residing near this town, is dead.

She was 56 years old, and for more than thirty years she has been engaged in making and selling molasses cakes, from which she accumulated a comfortable little fortune. Both she and her husband were born in slavery, as were several of their children. She had accumulated enough money before the war to purchase the liberty of herself and husband, and during the war she made enough money out of the Federal soldiers quartered here to purchase her children.

After the war she bought a farm near this town, on which she employed her husband, paying him seventy-five cents a day during the spring and summer months, and fifty cents during the winter. She used two barrels of flour every month in the manufacture of cakes, always making 8,000 cakes out of each barrel. During the long period she was engaged in this business, it was estimated she had made nearly 4,000,000 of cakes. She was a kind, industrious woman, and enjoyed the respect of all who knew her.—Omanock (Va.) Special.

Their Business Binding.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at GEORGE M. WOOD'S Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Coughs, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases.

Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, &c.

GEORGE M. WOOD,

PHARMACIST,

BROAD STREET,

Hourly Opposite Post Office, - BLOOMFIELD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN

To the Accurate Compounding of Physicians' Prescriptions.

ATTENTION ON SUNDAYS

From 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. From 3 to 5 P. M. and from 7 to 9 in the evening.



CHAS. M. DECKER & BRO.,

Importers & Grocers

FOR

Bloomfield, Montclair and the Oranges.

STORES:

Main St. and Washington Pl.,

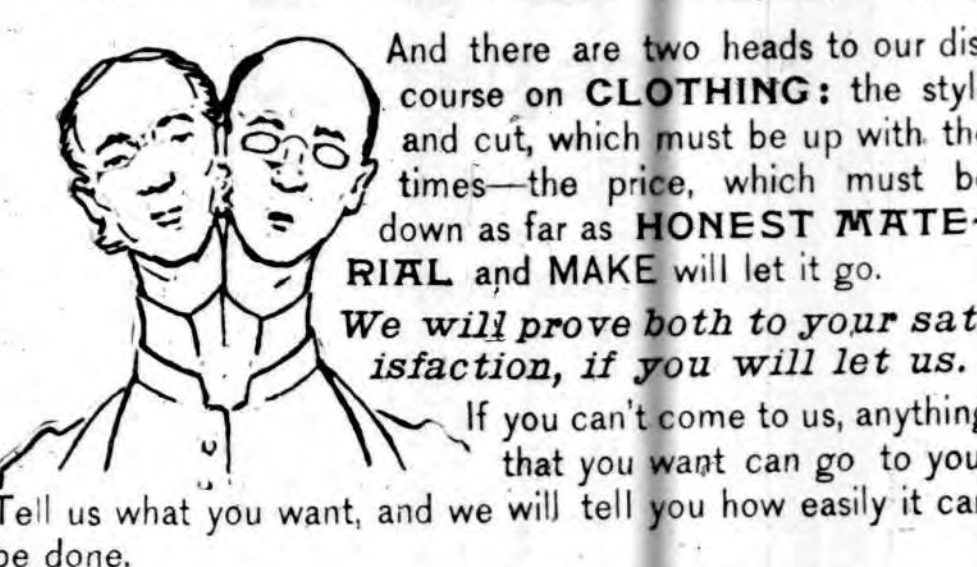
East Orange.

236 Main St., near Cone.

Orange.

Convenient to Cross-Town Cars from Bloomfield.

## Two Heads are Better than One,



And there are two heads to our discourse on CLOTHING: the style and cut, which must be up with the times—the price, which must be down as far as HONEST MATERIAL and MAKE will let it go.

We will prove both to your satisfaction, if you will let us.

If you can't come to us, anything that you want can go to you.

Tell us what you want, and we will tell you how easily it can be done.

HACKETT, CARHART & CO.,

MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING & HATS,

N. E. Cor. Canal St. and Broadway, New York.

Sales Over 46,000,000 Lbs.

LONGMAN &

MARTINEZ,

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PREPARED

PAINT

Sold under guarantee to

repaint if not satisfactory.

Composed of only the most costly and

finest materials. DO NOT let any paint

unless the makers give written guarantee

for satisfaction.

Actual Cost less than

\$1.25 PER GALLON.

For Sale by

JOS. B. HARVEY,

BLOOMFIELD AVENUE.

DEALER IN

FURNITURE

Of Every Description.

Parlor and Chamber Suits, Bureaus,

Bedsteads, Sofas, Lounges, What-

Not, Book Shelves and Cases,

Brackets, Looking Glasses, Etc.

OIL CLOTH, CARPET LINING, MATTING.

Mattresses and Spring Beds

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Upholstering and Repairing

done with neatness.

SHERIFF'S SALE. - In Chambers of New Jersey

County, between The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance

Company, complainant, and Laura Martin, et al.,

defendants. - \$1.10, for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House, in Newark, N. J., on Tuesday, the seventh day of May next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex county, New Jersey.

Beginning on the west side of Franklin street at the southeast corner of Horace Dodd's home

stead lot, and extending from the northeast corner of the house standing on the hereinafter described lot, and including

thereof north fifty-one degrees east, thence along Horace Dodd's line south sixty-nine and one-half degrees west, one hundred and forty feet and three inches, more or less, to Isaac N. Dodd's line, thence along his line south, fifteen and one-half degrees west, seventy-two feet six inches to R. D. Dodd's line, thence south, north seventy-one and one-quarter degrees east, three feet four inches to R. D. Dodd's line, thence along his line north sixty-nine and one-half degrees east, one hundred and forty feet and three inches to the west side of Franklin street, thence along the same north eighteen and one-half degrees west, thirty-three feet six inches to the place of beginning.

NEWARK, N. J., April 11, 1889.

EDWIN W. HINE, Sheriff.

P. K. HOWELL, S. C.

Notice of Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Accounts

of the subscriber, Assignee of Milton A. Gregory, will be audited and stated by the

Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphan's Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the seventh day of May next.

Attest: R. E. RICHARDS,

Date February 25, 1889.

NEWARK, N. J., April 20, 1889.

ESTATE OF SOPHIA POWELL, DECEASED.

Pursuant to the order of JAMES L. MUNK,

Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day

made, on the application of the undersigned,

given to the creditors of said deceased, to exhibit their claims and demands against the

estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred

from presenting or recovering the same against the estate.

WILLIAM R. HALL,

Proposals for Constructing Broken Stone

Roadway.

SEALED PROPOSALS are hereby solicited for

the construction of a broken stone roadway

near the Centre, for a distance of about 2,000

feet. Said roadway to be 16 feet wide and six

inches deep. The proposals for construction of

roadway to include all excavation necessary

for the roadway, and the cost of grading and

stoning the same. All work and materials

subject to the approval of the Road Committee.

All proposals to be submitted to the Road